

Louisville Daily Express.

OLD SERIES—VOL. XXV.

LOUISVILLE, MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1869.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I, NO. 145.

THE CITY.

WANTED.

A young man to carry a down town route on the Express. A German preferred.

Kriel to be Hung.

The Court of Appeals refused to give Kriel a rehearing, and the consequence is that Governor Stevenson, according to the law, will issue an order for his execution in thirty days.

Sudden Change.

Saturday morning we had a sudden change from hot and sultry weather to rain; and yesterday morning we had another to clear, dry and cold, with a strong breeze all day from the northwest. Overcoats were in request, and fires were not by any means uncomfortable.

The Difference.

A week ago last night, the estimate was that there were fifty thousand people on the streets promulgating and otherwise enjoying themselves. Last night there were not one thousand—perhaps not five hundred. The sudden change in the weather is supposed to have something to do in causing this great difference.

Runaway.

Last evening a gentleman named Morris was taking a drive in his buggy, when the horse became frightened and ran away with him, throwing him out at the corner of Second and Guthrie, but not seriously injuring him. The horse dashed on down Second street, and was caught at Jefferson, after having done all the damage he could to the buggy.

Landing from steamship Lord Lovell from Havana via New Orleans 20,000 fine cigars, for sale by Edward Peynado & Co.

Disregard.

In the Washington Circuit Court last week, in the case of the Commonwealth against Dr. John W. Carrio, charged with murder, the jury, being unable to agree, was discharged. On Monday Dr. Carrio gave bail in the sum of \$5,000 for his appearance at the next term of the Washington Circuit Court.

Louisville Opera House.

The management have re-engaged Mr. and Mrs. Albaugh for this week, the third of their stay with us. To-night they will present a new sensation—Brougham's "Lottery of Life." Miss Ada Webb had been engaged for this week, but somehow she engaged herself to a different manager, in the shape of a young man; and as this engagement of his is expected to be rather permanent, she couldn't come.

Edward Peynado & Co., are the sole direct importers of Havana cigars in Louisville, Ky.

Louisville Medical College, Corner Fifth and Green.

The lectures at this institution to-day will be delivered by Professors Benson, Gaillard and Goodman. The class, we are glad to learn, is rapidly increasing. It will doubtless be the leading medical school of the Southwest. The professors invite the medical public, not only to the lectures, but also to an examination of the books of the institution.

A Good Man Gone.

Last Sunday Mr. W. H. Wetherston, a printer, formerly employed in this office, died at his residence, in Lebanon, Ky. Mr. Wetherston left this city about two months ago, his health for some months past incapacitating him for the hard work of a city office. Consumption, that terrible foe, marked him for a victim, and he obeyed the mandate from above—has laid aside his "stick," and rests in peace, where racking coughs and weary nights shall never more disturb his rest. Mr. Wetherston was about thirty-six years old, and leaves a widow and five children to lament their irreparable loss.

If you wish to smoke a good imported cigar, buy from Edward Peynado & Co., Galt House stand.

Poisoned by Wool.

Some three weeks since Mrs. Anna Melley, wife of W. Melley, residing near St. Mary's, Marion county, while spinning, was so unfortunate as to have some grease off the wool get into a cut she had on one of her fingers. The hand and arm soon became inflamed, and erysipelas soon set in. She was then brought to the infirmary, in this city, for treatment; but continued growing worse and worse till last Thursday, when she died. Her remains were sent home, and buried in the cemetery at St. Charles Church, near St. Mary's. It would be well for farmers' wives and others handling wool, to look to it that there is no poisonous grease on the wool, or no cuts on their fingers.

A Joke on a Pilot.

The pilots on the Western rivers have eyes open and few objects escape their keen vision. But like all the rest of mankind they make blunders even in their own business. Last night at a point below New Albany, while one of the packets was in the shadow thrown out from the river by the lofty hills, the pilot observed a light which he mistook for a hailing sign. He rang the bell to stop, when the bar-keeper who was with him gave a loud "guffaw" and told him it was a balloon. But a little closer inspection showed the gentlemen that they were both wrong. It was the bright light of the evening star. The boys went down and told the one on the other, and there was general merriment in the crowd. Most of the boys then "took sugar in their n'ns." Mistakes will occur on the best regulated boats.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

German Baptist Church Dedicated.

Yesterday was a day long to be remembered by the German Baptists of Louisville; a day on which they established a church of their own, under such favorable auspices as promise great good in the future.

Some years ago, if our information is not at fault, there was a German Baptist church on Clay street, between Jefferson and Green, at the corner of the alley; but the congregation became somehow broken up, and the building was sold, having been since then transformed into a couple of dwelling-houses. The congregation scattered—some to one church, some to another, others leaving the city. Finally, some three years ago, Mr. C. Braun and his wife, who had united with the East Baptist Church, gathered a few faithful souls, and they met in Mr. Braun's house. From this feeble beginning they progressed, opening a sabbath-school and otherwise exerting themselves, till finally, some three months ago, they organized regularly and secured the services of Rev. R. Henrich as their pastor. But the congregation was now so large, including all the families of the members, that a building was absolutely necessary. The pastor obtained a lot on Broadway, near Campbell street, and about two months ago the congregation began the erection of a house. The basement story is of stone, and when completed will be used for Sunday-school room and other similar purposes. The superstructure above the basement is a plain, neat frame building—finished plainly yet comfortably, and capable of seating about three hundred people.

This building was dedicated to the service of Almighty God yesterday morning, by appropriate services in German, on which occasion the pastor was assisted by Rev. Mr. Hazeltine, of St. Louis, and a very creditable collection was taken up. At 3 p. m. an English service was held in the p. m. to a crowded audience. On this occasion, the pastor delivered an English address, and addresses were also made by some of the Baptist clergy of the downtown churches. Dr. Spalding and Rev. Messrs Weaver and Dudley assisted in this service, another collection being taken among the English friends of the church, which was liberally responded to. The building has cost some seventeen or eighteen hundred dollars, and the lot about twelve hundred more. It is understood that the whole has been nearly if not quite paid up, including the collection of yesterday.

The church now numbers twenty-five members, with a Sabbath school of fifty children, and in that locality the prospect is very flattering for a good work. The members have shown their faith in their cause, in their determined purpose in going forward thus far. The same spirit continued will soon build up a large church in that, the extreme southeast portion of the city. They have a fine field for their work, and a rapidly growing population to begin with.

A Grand Procession.

It has been suggested that a grand procession be prepared by the mechanics, manufacturers and other tradesmen, to be joined in by all organized bodies and associations in the city, to be accompanied by bands of music, &c., &c., and that the entire affair be arranged so as to bring out into a procession all in the city who may be induced to take any interest in such matters. This proposition has been made with especial reference to the coming session of the great commercial convention, and it is the idea that everything may be done, possible, to express the welcome Louisville gives to her fellow citizens from all parts of the United States, for they will come from North and South, from East and West, and will sit down together in friendly communion—the grandest peace conference that ever assembled. That no effort should be unmade that will in any wise contribute to the glorious reception accorded to the delegates, all will admit; and the idea of a great procession seems already to be taking hold of the public mind. But time is short, and what is to be determined on must be fixed at an early day, or it will fail. Would it not be a good idea for our leading manufacturers to call a meeting, say to-morrow evening, at the Board of Trade rooms, or at the chamber of the Common Council? Will not a few put their heads together and issue a call? Or, failing in this means of having a meeting, will not our energetic Mayor act in the matter, and issue such a call? Let the meeting be called by all means, and for to-morrow if possible.

Sudden Deaths.

Friday evening Mr. David C. Halstead, residing in New Albany, died very unexpectedly. On Tuesday, a small carbuncle developed itself on his neck just below the ear, but he thought it only a common boil. Thursday he felt some pain but remained in the house. About 10 at night, it became very painful, and by daylight Friday morning he was very ill. By 10 a. m. his articulation became difficult, and from that time till about 12 p. m. he sank very rapidly, though perfectly sensible till carried off so suddenly. He had been a citizen for 12 or 15 years—formerly was an engineer on the river, but latterly has been in the lumber business.

Another very sudden death occurred in New Albany the same night—that of Mrs. Mary V. wife of Dr. James H. Jones. She was taken ill in the afternoon and died during the night. Her husband was absent from the city on professional business.

THE CONNECTION QUESTION.

LET IT BE SETTLED AT ONCE.

Outside Influences at Work.

The question of granting right of way through the streets for a connection between the Louisville and Nashville and the Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington railroads, has been discussed to the full. The general opinion has settled down on a route along the river front, and the Council should finish the matter at once without permitting outside influences to step in and meddle with a question which does not concern them in the least.

These outside influences have already made a beginning. The Russellville Herald and the Elizabethtown News, of last week, open the battle by suggesting—even advocating—the connection of the two roads by going round the city. That is to be the game, but let nobody be deceived. Such a wish does not find expression among the stockholders in the lower counties. It is the effort of interested parties elsewhere, endeavoring to manufacture a sentiment for those counties. Still, the effort will be made, if possible, at the coming session of the Nashville railroad directory, to commit that company against the connection in the city; hence, it behooves the Council to settle the question at once and leave no room for any intermeddling.

It is not for the interest of the L. & C. & L. R. R. Co. to connect outside, and by so doing be forced outside of the city altogether, thus virtually throwing away the road to Lexington; for without a depot in the city, that road would be of little value. It is not to the interest of the L. & N. R. Co. to have a connection outside of the city, for that would be at once beginning a war on the interests of the city and her citizens, who own the biggest half of the stock, and without whose aid in money and bonds, neither the main stem nor any one of its branches would ever have been built. But, should the directors of that company be so blinded by any considerations whatever, to the true interests of the road, which are nearly identical with those of the city, and should they think of permitting such an outrage on the city's rights and interests, they are not so foolish, as not to see, on a moment's reflection, that the city would be bound, in self-defense, to withdraw from that road the aid she has so generously and largely bestowed; nor would she hesitate an instant as to the direction in which she would reinvest. Louisville wants—she must and will have great trunk lines to all points which will justify the requisite expenditure; and if the creature of her own bounty should, in a moment of madness, so far forget what is due to her, she would not hesitate one instant in deciding what are her rights and privileges, nor in enforcing them. If this could be done in no other way, then she would shut off both offending companies from coming within her limits, and immediately build for herself new trunk-lines East, South and West, and there are great railroads north of the river that would gladly give her aid. We speak of what we know. But, as said in the outset, the directors in both these companies are still in possession of their senses, and will not permit any serious disturbance to result from interested outside operations. To put a stopper, however, to all such disturbing influences, let the Council settle the connection question at once and for all time.

Persons.

Geo. H. Monsarrat, formerly of Louisville, is dangerously ill in Memphis and not expected to recover.

Mrs. James Oates, with her burlesque company, are to play shortly at the Opera House. Mrs. Oates was a resident of Louisville in her girlhood. She boasts of a splendid voice and a capital company.

Jas. Sadlier, a noted publisher of Catholic books died last week in New York.

Among the robbers of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express on the plains, was one Geo. P. Stone. The St. Louis Democrat says his family are residents of Louisville, and are respectable and much esteemed.

Col. Charles D. Pennebaker, Kentucky State agent in Washington, is at the Galt House.

Hon. Ben. P. Rice, U. S. Senator from Arkansas, was in the city yesterday en route for the Federal city. He will return, however, and be present at our great commercial convention.

Among the recent failures recorded in New York was that of F. A. Hoyt, formerly a preacher here, but for some years Vice President of the New York Gold Board. After all, his preaching paid better than his gambling operations.

Ghost on the Knobs.

Our Hoosier friends in New Albany, in the absence of everything else exciting, have got up a veritable ghost story, and whole neighborhoods get up before day to see the ghost. It makes its appearance every morning about daylight, first in the shape of a woman dressed in white, rapidly walking or moving mysteriously along the brow of the knobs. At a certain spot she disappears in a ravine. Almost instantly a white cow appears where the woman was first seen, and then a coal black cow from a clump of trees. The cows look horns and a terrible battle ensues for a few moments, when both disappear in a cloud of smoke. Take care, Hoosiers, you may be nearer the old boy's dominions than you think, if he gives you such exhibitions every morning.

CHURCH MATTERS.

The Louisville Conference.

The Louisville Conference of the M. E. Church South met in Owensboro last Wednesday, Bishop McTyre presiding. The assembly came together in the Baptist church, the largest building in the city, the use of which was generously tendered and thankfully accepted. The house was densely crowded and the Conference proceeded with the work before it by appointing the different committees. At night Rev. Mr. Messick, of the Chestnut-street church, of this city, delivered the Conference sermon to the largest audience ever assembled in the church. Mr. Messick's fame, as an eloquent speaker, full of the mission on which he has been sent by the Head of the Church, had preceded him, and the rapt attention of the great audience proved that report had indeed spoken truly, but the half had not been told.

The number of preachers in attendance was over one hundred and fifty, and so far as heard from, the session has been very harmonious. It is believed that today or to-morrow the Bishop will announce the appointments for the coming year. On Saturday the following appointments were made to the General Conference of the Southern Church:

MINISTERIAL DELEGATES.

Reverends E. W. Schen, A. H. Redford, N. H. Lee and E. Morton, with the following as reserves or alternates: Reverends W. H. Anderson and T. C. Froggie.

LAY DELEGATES.

Messrs. J. S. Lithgow, W. B. Machen, B. F. Biggs and J. C. Walker, with the following as reserves or alternates: Messrs. C. F. Hawley, Judge Fowler, Prof. Scott and B. C. Levi.

These lay delegates are the first elected by the conference. The last General Conference, at its session in New Orleans, made provision for submitting to the annual conferences the proposition to admit "lay delegates." This proposition was adopted, and for three years lay delegates have been elected to the annual conferences. The next meeting of the General Conference will be the first since the adoption of the proposition.

The same proposition has been submitted and adopted in the M. E. Church—the Northern branch. The delegates to the annual conference are elected by the laity from their own ranks, and to the General Conference from the delegates in the annual assembly. This is a new feature in Methodism, making the polity of that church conform somewhat to the Republican ideas of the people—to wit: a representation of the people in the church councils.

Olds and Ends.

The Board of Trade of this city have appointed the following delegates to the Commercial Convention: Messrs. J. J. Porter, John S. Long, John Barbee, Geo. W. Morris and J. M. Robinson.

The number of pupils in the male high school is much greater this year than in any previous year. The establishment of the Polytechnic schools will add still more largely, and the school will soon rank with the best colleges in the country.

The Waddell Grays have a ball to-night in Odd-Fellows' Hall.

The ladies of St. John's (Catholic) Church, corner of Clay and Walnut streets, begin a fair to-night, in the hall on Clay street, in the rear of the church.

The skating rink was crowded Saturday night.

The Young Men's Christian Association hold a business meeting to-night in their rooms.

Chicken cholera is very prevalent in parts of Clark and Floyd counties, Indiana. But fresh tan-birds is said to be a preventive. Mr. Duncan, who has a tanyard, lost none of his chickens, while his neighbors lost nearly all of theirs.

The city was intensely quiet yesterday, there being no outbreaks of any kind, and only six or seven arrests for drunkenness. Too cold to be out of the house.

TOWN TOPICS.

Merchant Tailoring.

We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. W. E. Grove, merchant tailor. From our personal knowledge, we can recommend him to the public. He has just received a large lot of cloths and cassimeres, which he will manufacture to order and guarantee satisfaction. Capt. Lou. Beeler, an old favorite in this section, is connected with Mr. Grove's establishment.

Winter Clothing.

We call the attention of all who want good winter clothing to the advertisement of Joseph Roth, to be found in the "City Item" column. Mr. Roth will do all he promises, and, if you don't find a suit ready made, he will make one of the very best goods, at the lowest prices. Give him a trial.

Persuasion.

There is a man named Ruhl keeps a grocery on Jefferson street, between Floyd and Preston. At several different times of late, stones have been thrown and the windows broken in the rear-end of his house. He charges it upon the children of some negro families living near him, but the neighbors say the stones come from a different direction, and that the negroes are very quiet and inoffensive. He has had considerable trouble, but as yet has not succeeded in laying hands upon the offenders.

Boots and Shoes at Auction.

W. H. Passmore & Co., auctioneers, 157 Main street, sell to-morrow, at auction, a large stock of boots and shoes. Also, hats and caps. See advertisement.

For the Louisville Express.

The Evils of a City.

To the young and inexperienced a great city presents many allurements and temptations. The brass and tinsel of outside society leads the ignorant one to imagine that the glitter and show is real—that all is wealth and ease and prosperity. He pines and yearns, in his solitary chamber at a third-rate boarding-house, for the pomp and parade that meets his eye on every side. The rush of business, the box and bale-encumbered streets, the piles of merchandise heaped up in front of stores, convince the novice that the noisy city is the place for him—the place for happiness and pleasure. How delusive the thought! How far from fact! How unreal, false and frivolous!

This young man has just left his home in the far away cot upon the hill-side of the "Old Granite State"—left it buoyant with hope. What bright prospects of the future the gilded horizon looms up heavenward, fringed with silvery clouds that hide the darkness beyond.

He has left a mother there—kind, loving, affectionate mother, to whom he was as the apple of her eye—her first-born—her ideal of perfection. The wide world contains no other child so dear to her as this. When he left the parental roof, never more to return as an occupant, how bitter was the parting. The sad farewell, the last embrace, and he was on his way, alone in the world, to seek his fortune. He stood long by the roadside as his form faded and he beheld the hill and the unbidden tear flowed freely, unrestrained, now, since her grief could not add to his pangs of parting. With heart sore and bursting she turns homeward. Her son has gone out into the cold, unfeeling world to buffet with its temptations, its vices and its contaminations.

In this city he seeks, amid the whirl and commotion to which he is so unused, to drown the heart's emotions—that weak-minded persons call "home sick;" and to enable him to do this more effectually he reads the path so often trod by the unwary.

He goes to the gilded saloon, where the rill of the gambler's wheel proclaims to the listener that care and sorrow have no corner in that heart; that all goes well and smoothly. The ruby wine sparkles in the glass; its delicious taste tickles the palate; its exhilarating effects banish dull care, and makes every body feel himself a part of the great world. Alas! the history of this young man is soon told; 'tis the history of thousands, and will be the history of millions yet to come.

He has fallen; the destroyer has him bound to the wheel, each revolution of which makes the fever of his passion more unmovable. A drunkard, bereft of reason, maddened by the fiery potions, he commits the crime of MURDER.

In a dark and noisome cell into which the light of day penetrates through iron bars, we see him now, friendless; for those of his associates who thronged around him are now as numerous as all gone; forsaken and alone he meditates on his downward course.

In a far off home an aged mother kneels before the throne of God, and implores blessings upon the head of this absent son, whom she has not heard from many a day. She prays as only a mother can; she prays that he may not be led into temptation; that he may prosper in the world; that he may shun the path of dissipation, and be a good member of society—a religious and righteous person.

Alas, poor mother! No more shall you see that son in innocence and goodness. He has fallen—fallen by the wine cup, fallen by the insidious wiles that have ever surrounded the man of genius; that have ever crushed the mightiest intellects that the Omnipotent ever created.

In the cold and silent grave that mother sleeps. She died broken-hearted. Having read in the papers of her son's fearful crime, and its consequences, she passed away from earth to that home, "not made with hand, eternal in the Heavens."

The son, so fallen, so degraded, was, by a jury of his country, acquitted of that fearful crime, and sent again into society. For when he committed the act he was not conscious of what he did. The delirium of the wine-cup had dethroned the mind and made him a madman—a demon. He came from the prison an altered man. The iron had entered his soul. He had learned of his mother's death, of his own friend slain by his own hand in the scene of drunkenness and debauchery. Collecting his energy and facing the frowns of the world, he, at the kind solicitation of a Good Templar, joined that noble order, and swore before the God of heaven never more to taste or touch the accursed thing, and nobly he kept his oath. We can imagine that a mother looks from heaven upon a son redeemed, and a murdered comrade forgives his slayer.

SAMARITAN.

NEGRO VENGEANCE.

A Bounty Claim Agent Hung for Malfeasance.

From the St. Louis Times.

Friday the negroes near Collinsville experimented on one of their race and color by attaching the end of a rope to the branch of a tree, suspending him in mid air by the neck. We learn that for some time past a negro named James Johnson has been operating extensively as a bounty agent among the men of color in and around Collinsville. He was a decidedly good-looking darkey, fluent of speech and agreeable in address, and succeeded in obtaining the full confidence of his associates. They gave him their war claims for collection, and complied with the "rules of his office," by making over a power of attorney. Armed with this document, Johnson proceeded to collect a large number of the bounties, which he forgot to pay over to the rightful claimants. Repeated demands for a settlement met with persistent refusals. A couple of evenings since he was foolish enough to express a determination of shaking the dust of the town from his shoes and lighting out for another and more congenial locality. This being distasteful to the victims of his rascality, they decided to wreak summary vengeance upon the author of their griefs. Yesterday, while he was preparing for departure, a crowd of negroes, masked and otherwise disguised, met him, and without any ado, carried him to a tree near by, from which they suspended him. When life was extinct, his body was cut down and left by the wayside as a warning.

Comin' through the rye—The whiskey detectives.

THE GOLD PANIC.

The Wall-street God—Mammon.

The New York Gamblers.

THEY HOWL LIKE DEMONS AND ACT LIKE DEVILS.

Vanderbilt in the Ring.

Morrissey, Ben. Wood, Fisk, Jr., &c.

From the N. Y. Tribune, Friday.

"The market is broke," said a well-known stock operator, as he hurried from the Exchange to his office in Broad-street late yesterday afternoon. This assertion seemed to be substantiated in fact, for the scenes of yesterday and the day before were without a parallel in the history of Wall street. Rumors fill the air in regard to houses soon to fall, and everywhere in financial circles the feeling is despondent. In railway stocks particularly there is an absolute lack of confidence, and to quote the language of a gentleman of the Exchange, "Railroad stock has been watered so much that the original security is almost washed away." The market opened with better feeling. The fever of the day before had been too intense to die away entirely, yet in the early morning stocks were firmer and steadier than on the evening of Wednesday. Underneath a thin crust of orderly transactions, a swollen current of excitement seethed and surged. A breath could have blown away the covering, and the scenes of the first day would have been renewed. Rumors were not so plentiful, but there was an uncertainty and distrust that pleased the manipulators, and they were not going to let the level cease.

The bulls and bears about noon began to warm with the sun and their work, and the appearance of James Fisk, Jr., on Broad street caused a flutter of excitement to run through the room that was constantly becoming so crowded that egress and ingress were almost impossible. The circle where the stocks are called the yelling, screaming, screeching man ebbed and flowed, seeming apparently crazed. Each man seemed determined every minute to test the capacity of his lungs by indulging in a series of frantic yells. New York Central, Harlem and Hudson were assailed on all sides. It was stated that the New York Central Directors, on Wednesday, voted in favor of consolidation, and the Harlem folk would do the same yesterday. This caused another spurt, but many discrediting rumors, the stocks were driven down lower than ever.

If the crowd acted like demons in the Stock Exchange, the gold brokers were genuine devils. They stamped, raved and yelled. In Wall, Broad and New streets the excitement spread. There was but one topic of conversation in hotels, restaurants, bar-rooms, offices and barber shops. But few events since the day of the rebellion excited the excitement of yesterday in the gold-room, and if the one great thought that seemed to press itself first on the minds of all could have been expressed in one uttered word, that word would have been "Gold."

From the Express, Friday Evening.

Another field day in the Gold Room! The time not only without a precedent in the history of the room, but far beyond anything in the memory of the oldest operators in Wall street. The scenes and incidents of the morning are almost indescribable, and must ever remain fresh in the minds of those who witnessed them. The public were prepared for an exciting time to-day, and at an early hour New street was completely blocked up with an anxious crowd. The windows of the buildings opposite the Gold Room were also filled with spectators, and the casual observer would be led to suppose from the general appearance of things, that a procession was about to pass, or that a great performance of some kind was expected. The room itself and its galleries were crowded, as well as all the passages ways. The market finally opened and gold sold at 115. This was the first time in the history of this remarkable day in Wall street. The next sale was at 114, then 115 was again reached. At this juncture the excitement of the day fairly commenced, and the price rose to 116, then to 117, then to 118, when it suddenly fell back to 116, but in the next instant it was 120. The next step was a decline to 120, where it remained for some time, and everybody stopped to take breath and the crowd were amazed. A death-like stillness pervaded the room, and the bear fraternity, who were being slaughtered frightfully in a pecuniary point of view, looked on the scene with pale and anxious faces. At this crisis Wall and Broad streets presented a lively scene, with the brokers and clerks running in all directions, and endeavoring to collect margins to make the gold up to the market price. But to return to the interior of the room once more and await the next step in this great gold speculation.

The crowd did not have long to wait, for in rushed a prominent broker and taking a position in the circle he bid 120, then 121, then 122, then 123, then 124, then 125, then 126, then 127, then 128, then 129, then 130, then 131, then 132, then 133, then 134, then 135, then 136, then 137, then 138, then 139, then 140, then 141, then 142, then 143, then 144, then 145, then 146, then 147, then 148, then 149, then 150, then 151, then 152, then 153, then 154, then 155, then 156, then 157, then 158, then 159, then 160, then 161, then 162, then 163, then 164, then 165, then 166, then 167, then 168, then 169, then 170, then 171, then 172, then 173, then 174, then 175, then 176, then 177, then 178, then 179, then 180, then 181, then 182, then 183, then 184, then 185, then 186, then 187, then 188, then 189, then 190, then 191, then 192, then 193, then 194, then 195, then 196, then 197, then 198, then 199, then 200, then 201, then 202, then 203, then 204, then 205, then 206, then 207, then 208, then 209, then 210, then 211, then 212, then 213, then 214, then 215, then 216, then 217, then 218, then 219, then 220, then 221, then 222, then 223, then 224, then 225, then 226, then 227, then 228, then 229, then 230, then 231, then 232, then 233, then 234, then 235, then 236, then 237, then 238, then 239, then 240, then 241, then 242, then 243, then 244, then 245, then 246, then 247, then 248, then 249, then 250, then 251, then 252, then 253, then 254, then 255, then 256, then 257, then 258, then 259, then 260, then 261, then 262, then 263, then 264, then 265, then 266, then 267, then 268, then 269, then 270, then 271, then 272, then 273, then 274, then 275, then 276, then 277, then 278, then 279, then 280, then 281, then 282, then 283, then 284, then 285, then 286, then 287, then 288, then 289, then 290, then 291, then 292, then 293, then 294, then 295, then 296, then 297, then 298, then 299, then 300, then 301, then 302, then 303, then 304, then 305, then 306, then 307, then 308, then 309, then 310, then 311, then 312, then 313, then 314, then 315, then 316, then 317, then 318, then 319, then 320, then 321, then 322, then 323, then 324, then 325, then 326, then 327, then 328, then 329, then 330, then 331, then 332, then 333, then 334, then 335, then 336, then 337, then 338, then 339, then 340, then 341, then 342, then 343, then 344, then 345, then 346, then 347, then 348, then 349, then 350, then 351, then 352, then 353, then 354, then 355, then 356, then 357, then 358, then 359, then 360, then 361, then 362, then 363, then 364, then 365, then 366, then 367, then 368, then 369, then 370, then 371, then 372, then 373, then 374, then 375, then 376, then 377, then 378, then 379, then 380, then 381, then 382, then 383, then 384, then 385, then 386, then 387, then 388, then 389, then 390, then 391, then 392, then

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
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
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
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